

No. 6

MARCH

The

KILROYS

America's Funniest Family!

KILROY
WAS HERE!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

HA-HA! HO-HO!

MAKE WAY FOR **FUN!**



...FOR THE
MERRIEST,
HOWLINGEST
UPROAR OF
LAUGHS YOU'VE
EVER HAD!

★ IT'S **JOLLY-**
SPARKLING...
OVERFLOWING
WITH GLEE
AND GAIETY
THAT'LL KEEP
YOU ROARING!

Don't miss...

HA HA COMICS

10¢

— ON ALL STANDS —

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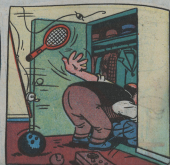
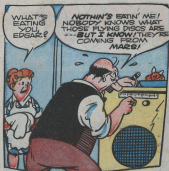
The KILROYS

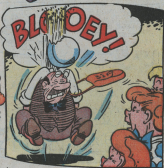
in
"THOSE FLYING DISCS"

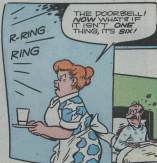


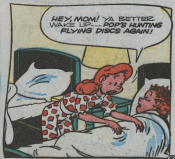
AGAIN TODAY, MORE MYSTERIOUS
FLYING DISCS WERE REPORTED
SEEN OVER VARIOUS PARTS OF
THE COUNTRY! THE PHENOMENON
HAS BEEN REPORTED BY
HUNDREDS OF PERSONS, YET
THERE HAS BEEN NO EXPLAN-
ATION OF THE -----

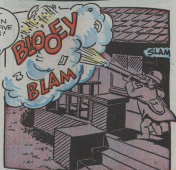
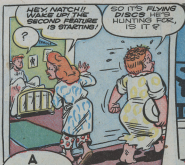














Little BIG-MOUTH

JIMMY PETERS looked at his reflection in the mirror, shook his fist angrily at himself and muttered, "Go on, you're a coward! All you have to do is walk up to the girl an' introduce yourself. But you are scared. Scared of a girl!"

"Who ya scared of, Jimmy, huh?" a curious voice inquired. "It's that red-headed Marilyn, huh? The one that just moved two houses away, huh?"

Jimmy stared at his little sister coldly. "Mind your own business, Cathy," he advised her, "and you won't get into trouble. See? Now beat it!"

"I was just askin'!" Cathy protested, retreating hastily down the steps. "Gee whiz! Gee," she continued, talking to herself, "a sister isn't s'posed to know anything these days, I guess. Gosh, I'll bet I could get him to meet that red-headed Marilyn easy! In fact . . ."

Five minutes later, Cathy Peters was gossiping busily to her very best friend, Susie. "An' my big brother, Jimmy, says that red-headed Marilyn is the funniest-lookin' girl he's ever seen! Why, he said he wouldn't even talk to her unless a policeman or somebody made him! You won't tell anybody, will you?"

"Oh, no!" Susie assured Cathy. "I won't, honest. I guess I hafta go now. G'bye!"

Cathy watched Susie as she proceeded down the street. She watched Susie stop in front of the house where that red-

headed Marilyn lived. She watched Susie walk up the steps of the front porch.

Jimmy Peters was still bawling himself out when a red-headed streak of lightning came shooting up to his house. "Are you Jimmy Peters?" the lightning streak demanded. "I'm Marilyn . . ."

"Gosh! I know!" Jimmy could scarcely believe his eyes. "It's swell of you to come over an' . . ."

"And give you a piece of my mind! How dare you say what you said? Who cares if you ever do talk to me? Who cares what your opinion is of certain people's looks? Who even wants to . . ."

"Now wait a minute!" Jimmy was baffled, but he meant to get to the bottom of things. "Suppose we just sit on the porch swing and find out what this is all about!"

"I won't!" Marilyn shouted as she plumped down into the swing.

"You see, I *couldn't* have said those things," Jimmy started to explain. "I just *couldn't*! Why, you have no idea . . ."

From behind the front hedges, Cathy Peters could see her brother talking to that red-headed Marilyn. At first, that Marilyn kept looking angry. Then she started to smile.

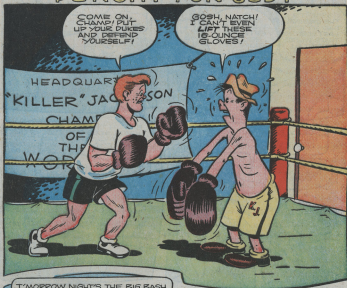
Cathy began to play a skipping game on the sidewalk. "Guess I fixed it," she thought smugly, waving to Susie across the way. Aloud, she said, "Thanks, Susie!"

"For what?" Susie wanted to know.

But Cathy just kept right on skipping.

Natch

"PUNCHY FOR JUDY"



COME ON, CHAMP! PUT UP YOUR DUKES AND DEFEND YOURSELF!

GOSH, NATCH! I CAN'T EVEN LIFT THESE 16-OUNCE GLOVES!

HEADQUARTERS
"KILLER" JACKSON
CHAMPION
OF THE
WORK

T'MORROW NIGHT'S THE BIG BASH
SESH AT THE COUNTRY CLUB-AN'
I'M FLATTER'N A SECOND-HAND
SAX! AN' I JUST GOTTA
GO WITH JUDY!

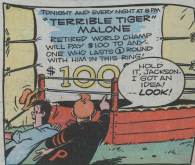
DON'T LOOK AT
ME, CHUM! I JUST
SPENT MY LAST
38 CENTS TO BUY
GAS FOR YOUR
JALOP!



WE GOTTA THINK
OF SOME WAY
TA MAKE SOME
MOOLA IN A
HURRY! JUDY'S
COUNTIN' ON ME!

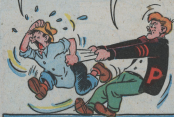
LIKE YOU SAID!
--HEY, NATCH
--- LOOK!





LEMME GO!
I DON'T
WANNA FIGHT
ANYBODY!
NOT EVEN
YOU!

HOLD IT, BOY! I SAW
'EM OPERATE LAST
NIGHT! THE WHOLE
DEAL'S CROOKED! THEY
GOT LEAD WEIGHTS IN
THE GLOON'S GLOVES!



YOU DO JUST LIKE I SAY
AN' WE CAN'T LOSE!
COME ON, WE'LL GO
HOME AN' GET
YA INTO
SHAPE!

YEH,
I KNOW!
LIKE A PRETZEL
-- AFTER HE
GETS THROUGH
WITH ME!



HEY! IF IT'S SO
EASY, WHY'NT
YOU FIGHT
HIM YOURSELF?
YOU NEED THE
CASH TA TAKE
JUDY TA THAT
HOP!

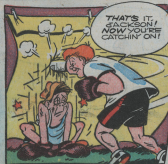
DON'T BE SO SELFISH!
THERE'S 25 BUCKS
IN THIS FOR YOU
-- AN' BESIDES,
I'M DOIN' ALL THE
BRAIN WORK,
CHUM!



NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY,
JACKSON! I'VE PUT UP THIS
SHEET JUST LIKE THE
CANVAS SIGN AT
THE CARNIVAL!
YOU STAND IN
FRONT OF IT
AND DUCK EVERY
TIME I SWING!



THAT'S IT,
JACKSON!
NOW YOU'RE
CATCHIN' ON!



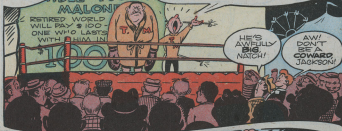
WHY IS IT MY SHIP
ALWAYS HAS TA
GET BATTERED
IN YOUR BRAIN-
STORMS, NATCH?

YOU'RE IN
GREAT SHAPE
NOW, PAL!
REAL SHARP!



THAT NIGHT...

LADIES AND GENTS! INTRODUCING TERRIBLE **TIGER MALONE**, EX-CHAMP OF THE WORLD! HE CHALLENGES ALL COMERS AND OFFERS 100 DOLLARS TO ANYONE WHO LASTS ONE ROUND WITH HIM! HOW'S ABOUT IT, FOLKS --- WHO'S FIRST??



HE'S AWFULLY BIG NATCH!

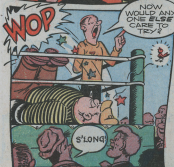
AW! DON'T BE A COWARD, JACKSON!



HEY, PUNK! I AIN'T AFRAID OF NOTHIN'! I'LL TRY IT!!



HE DON'T LOOK SO TOUGH TA ME!

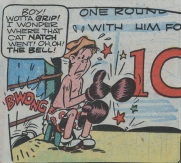
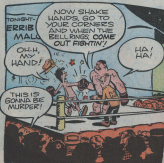
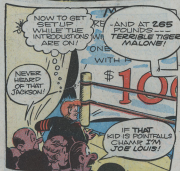
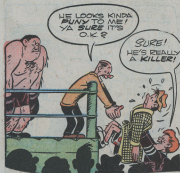


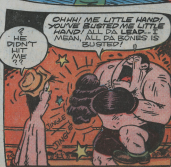
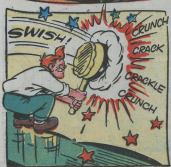
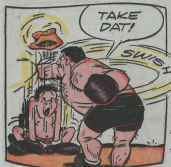
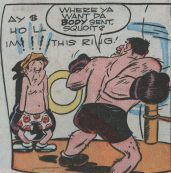
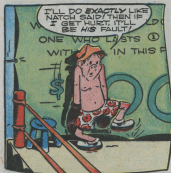
NOW WOULD ANY ONE ELSE CARE TO TRY?

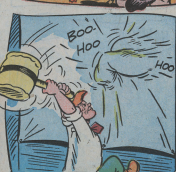
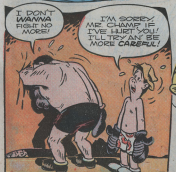
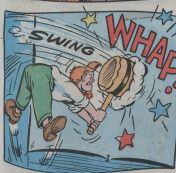
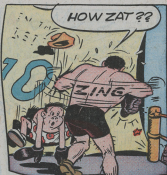
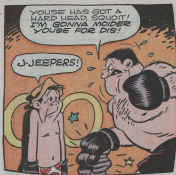
S'LONG!

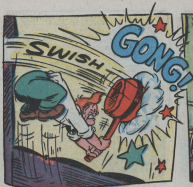


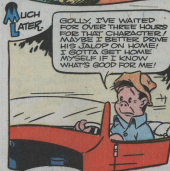
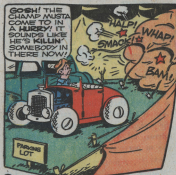
YEH, MISTER! MY FRIEND HERE! HE WANTS TA TRY!











Just an **OLD THING**

WINKY BARRETT tried to look happy, but she couldn't quite make it. Mrs. Barrett looked at Winky, stifled a sigh and asked, "Aren't you thrilled, Winky? In just three days, you'll be the belle of the high school prom!"

"Oh, I'm thrilled all right, mother," replied Winky, wrinkling her forehead unhappily. "After all, I'm going with Tommy Crane and he's . . . he's super! But . . .

"But?" asked Winky's mother, as though she didn't know.

"Well, the prom's formal." Here, tears came into Winky's eyes. "All the girls are getting new gowns. I hate to be a drip, mother, and I know we can't afford anything new, but . . ."

Mrs. Barrett tried to help. "Perhaps we could . . ." she started to say, when Winky interrupted.

"It's no use, mother. I . . . I . . . just won't go to the prom! I'll call Tommy and tell him I don't feel well. I'd rather not go at all than be a dis . . . disgrace!"

"Now just a minute, Winky!" Mrs. Barrett's voice was suddenly strong and determined. "You're going to that prom and you're going to have something to wear . . . something *special*! I've been saving it for another occasion, but . . . well . . . here it is!"

Winky's eyes popped wide open. She gasped. "Oh, mother, no! Not that old thing! I couldn't, I won't!"

"You can and you will," said Mrs. Barrett firmly. "Now stand up and let me

take your measurements!"

The next three days seemed to slip by so rapidly that Winky could hardly believe it when Saturday came. Yet there she was, in front of mother's full-length mirror, all dressed for the prom! She was so nervous, she stuttered.

"M . . . mother!" exclaimed Winky, "Mother, I've made up my mind! I'm not going! Ooooh . . . there's the bell. It's T . . . Tommy! Answer it, mother. Tell him I'm sick. Tell him . . ."

"You answer it, Winky," smiled Mrs. Barrett.

Winky's knees were watery as she opened the door. Tommy Crane stared at her for a moment. Then he gulped. "Winky Barrett!" he cried.

"L . . . let's go, Tommy," said Winky weakly.

Five hours later, Winky Barrett said good-night to Tommy Crane and danced into the house. "Mother!" she shouted. "Wake up! I'm home!"

"I am up, dear," said Mrs. Barrett. "I've been waiting."

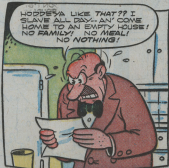
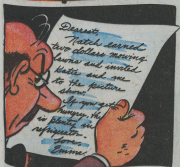
Winky threw her arms about her mother's neck, hugged her tightly, and then curtsied deeply. "I bow to you, mums," she said quietly. "I want to report that I was the most *sensational* girl at the prom! Mother, I owe it all to you . . . to you and your beautiful old *wedding dress*! Thank you, mother!"

"Thank you, Winky," smiled Mrs. Barrett, kissing her daughter.

The KILROYS

in
"TRICKS OF THE TRADE"





LATER...

HELLO, EDGAR DEAR!
SORRY WE'RE LATE!
--MY GOODNESS--
WHY THE GROUCH?

YOU'D BE GROUCHY TOO...
IF YOU SLAVED ALL DAY
LIKE I DO TO SUPPORT THIS
GALLIVANTING FAMILY! I WAIT HERE
AND STARVE WHILE ALL OF YOU
HAVE YOURSELF A TIME!

PRETTY SOFT, I
SAY! ANY TIME
YOU WANT, YOU
CAN UP AND
QUIT FOR THE
DAY! YOU
SHOULD HAVE
MY HOURS!

EDGAR, DON'T BE
PREPOSTEROUS! YOU
ACT LIKE I DID THIS
EVERY DAY!

WELL, HOW
DO I KNOW
YOU DON'T?
IT'S PRETTY
SOFT, THIS
HOUSEKEEPING
ROUTINE---
THAT'S ALL I
SAY!

NOW LISTEN
HERE, POP!
THAT'S JUST
ABOUT ENOUGH!

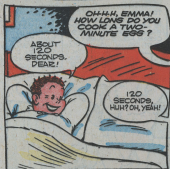
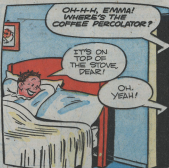
IF YOU THINK HOUSEKEEPING IS
SUCH A CINCH, I'D BE VERY
HAPPY TO CHANGE JOBS FOR
A DAY! WHAT DO YOU SAY?
TOMORROW, YOU BE MAMA---
AND I'LL BE PAPA!

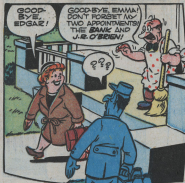
--ER--
OKAY,
OKAY!
IT'S A DEAL!

TOMORROW IS TUESDAY,
AND TUESDAY ROUTINE
IS AS FOLLOWS--COOK
BRUNCHST. DO DISHES--
CLEAN HOUSE--WASH OUT
CLOTHES IN HAMPER--
COOK DINNER--
THAT'S ALL!

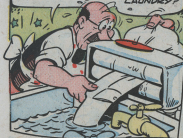
HO-HO-HO!
WHAT A
SNAP! I'LL
FINISH IN
TIME TO GO
TO THE BALL
GAME! I
LOVE THIS!

MRS. KILBOY! TIME
TO GET UP! MAMA
ALWAYS GETS UP A
HALF HOUR EARLIER
TO START BREAKFAST--
WHILE PAPA GETS
TO SLEEP!





CONFIDENTIALLY --- MY BACK IS KILLING ME! I GOTTA TALK TO NATCH ABOUT SOLING SO MANY SHIRTS! WHAT'S HE THINK WE RUN HERE, A CHINESE LAUNDRY?



WELL, THERE'S THE FIRST TUB-- FULL UP!--HEY! WHAT'S THE SUN DOING WAY DOWN THERE?



SIX O'CLOCK-- AND I HAVEN'T EVEN STARTED DINNER YET!



EDGAR, I'M HOME! HAD A WONDERFUL DAY-- CAN I HELP YOU?

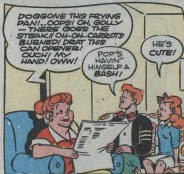
NO--NO, EMMA! NOTHING TO DO! EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL! JUST GO IN AND READ THE PAPER! DINNER WILL BE A BIT LATE!



DOGGONE THIS FRYING PAN!...OOPS! OH, GOLLY -- THERE GOES THE STEAK!! OH-OH-CARROTS BURNED! DRAT THIS CAN OPENER! OUCH! MY HAND! OWW!

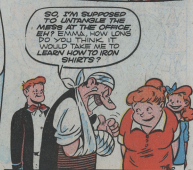
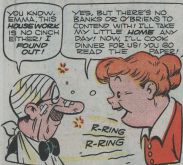
POP'S HAVIN' HIMSELF A BASH!

HE'S CUTE!



DINNER IS SERVED!





KOLLEGE KAPERS

By AL HARTLEY

DARN YOU
AND YOUR BOY
SCOUT KNOTS!

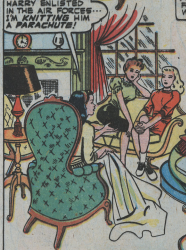
YOU'RE DIFFERENT, JIM!
SOME OF THE YOUNG
MEN ARE SO FRESH!



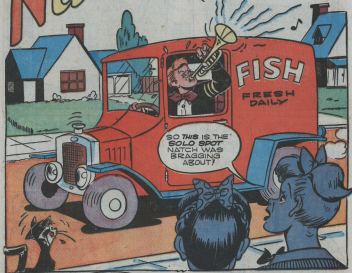
HARRY ENLISTED
IN THE AIR FORCES...
I'M KNITTING HIM
A PARACHUTE!

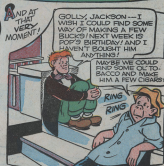
PLEASE FORGIVE ME
FOR BEING ANGRY
WITH YOU LAST
WEEK!

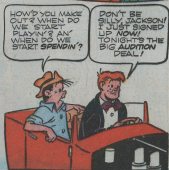
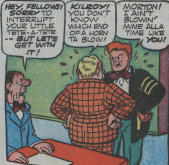
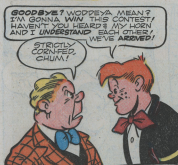
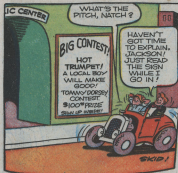
SURE, THAT'S
ALL RIGHT! I
SAVED TEN
BUCKS WHILE WE
WEREN'T ON SPEAK-
ING TERMS!



Natch ⁱⁿ TRUMPET WITH AN ACE!







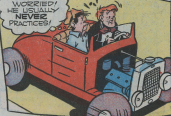
YEH, BUT YOU'RE AS GOOD AS GOOD AS ON THE PAYROLL, PAL!

WAIT A MINUTE, FOG LIGHT! WE HAVEN'T WON YET! THAT CHARACTER, WILBUR MORTON, IS SIGNED UP-- AND I UNDERSTAND HE'S PLENTY HOT!



GOSH! I'VE GOT JUST 5 HOURS TO GO BEFORE AUDITION TIME! I GOTTA HURRY HOME AN' OIL UP THE OL' HORN! I'M GONNA BLAT MY BRAINS OUT TILL STARTIN' TIME!

HE'S REALLY WORRIED! HE USUALLY NEVER PRACTICES!



LATER...

BOY! THE POOR GUY'S REALLY KNOCKIN' HIMSELF OUT! HE'S BEEN GOIN' AT IT FOR 3 SOLID HOURS! HE'S GOT THE JITTERS ABOUT THAT GUY MORTON!



HHMM! MAYBE IF I SORTA TOOK MATTERS IN MY OWN HANDS --- I COULD FIX IT SO NATCH COULDN'T LOSE!

I DOOD IT!



THAT EVENING-- ABOUT SIX THIRTY--

FELLOWS! TONIGHT WE'RE HAVING THE AUDITION FOR THE LOCAL YOKEL! WE'LL PLAY THAT OL'DIE, "MARGIE!" IT'S A BRASS LEAD! OKAY! TAKE TEN-- I'LL GET THE KIDS SET UP!

OK, MR. DORSEY!

RIGHT, TONNY!



GOOD EVENING, MR. DORSEY!

WELL, MR. KID! WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND? YOU ONE OF THE CONTESTANTS?



NO SIR, I DO THE
ARRANGING FOR OUR
HIGH SCHOOL SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA! I THINK
YOUR ARRANGEMENTS
ARE SUPERB -- AND
IT WOULD BE THRILLED
IF YOU'D ALLOW ME
TO LOOK AT A FEW!

HO-HO-HO---
A LONGHAIR!
WELL, ALL WE
HAVE OUT
RIGHT NOW
IS THIS OLDIE,
"MARGIE." IT'S
FOR THE
AUDITION
TONIGHT!

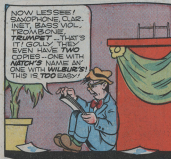


THAT'S EXACTLY
THE ONE I
WANT! I MEAN
--AH-- THAT'LL
DO SWELL! THANKS
MR. DORSEY!

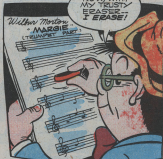
WHEN YOU
FINISH LOOK-
ING AT IT,
PUT IT BACK
ON MY
MUSIC
STAND!



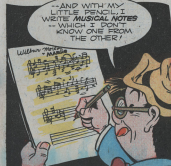
NOW LET'S SEE!
SAXOPHONE, CLAR.
INET, BASS VIOL.
TROMBONE,
TRUMPET -- THAT'S
IT! GOLLY, THEY
EVEN HAVE TWO
COPIES -- ONE WITH
NATCH'S NAME AN'
ONE WITH WILBUR'S!
THIS IS TOO EASY!



NOW, WITH
MY TRUSTY
ERASER --
I ERASE!

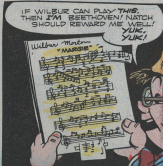


--AND WITH MY
LITTLE PENCIL, I
WRITE MUSICAL NOTES
-- WHICH I DON'T
KNOW ONE FROM
THE OTHER!



IF WILBUR CAN PLAY THIS,
THEN I'M BEETHOVEN! NATCH
SHOULD REWARD ME WELL!

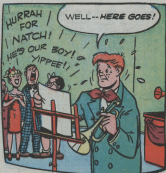
YUK,
YUK!



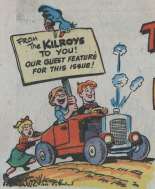


A FEW MINUTES LATER...







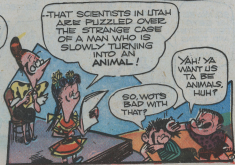


The KIDDY KATTY-KORNER

by
MILT
GROSS

912832547
x 91329 =

WOW!!



YER
A
FINE
HEEL!

TOIN
PEOPLE
INTO PIGS,
HUH?

CHILDREN!
SYLVESTER
WILL ANSWER
IN HIS
OWN WAY!

--OR
MAYBE
RATS?

T'ANKS, TEACHER!
I'LL REMEMBER
THIS WHEN I'M
A BIG
TYCOON!

NOW! SUPPOSE
A HUSBAND AND WIFE
IS ALL THE TIME
FIGHTIN'-- LIKE
MY OLD MAN AN'
MY MOM!

I want a
fox fur piece!

Oh, boy!
murder!

I WANT
A FOX
FUR PIECE

"NAGGIN', NAGGIN', NAGGIN',
ALL DAY LONG --SHE
WANTS FOX FURS...IT'S
MOIDER..."

"MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT, SHE'S
HECKLING THE OLD MAN--SHE
PICKETS HIM EVEN--THE GUY'S
GOING BATTY--WOMEN-WOMEN--"

SO, MAYBE
HE GETS
DESPERATE--
AND TURNS
INTO AN
ANIMAL!

It's Elmer! wasn't
it kind of him to
become a fox?

Gorgeous!

TURNIN'
YA
FADDER
INTO
A FOX!

YOU'RE
A FINE
JERK!

YAH!

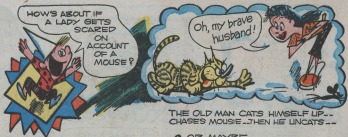
SUCH
INGRATITUDE!

* EVERYBODY'S HAPPY! *



AND SEEING OVER PEOPLE'S HEADS
IN THE MOVIES --





OR MAYBE





GROWING PAINS

"Aw, mom! Aw, dad! Have a heart," pleaded Charlie Holmes. "Ursula! What a name! She sounds like a horse!"

"Your cousin Ursula is a very nice girl," said Mrs. Holmes placidly. "You're going to like her very much."

"I'll hate her!" Charlie answered. "I can't even stand her name! Gosh, why'd you have to invite her here for the weekend and spoil everything? I had my own ideas and they were pretty good!"

"Mother," said Mr. Holmes quietly, "would you mind leaving the room? I'd like to speak to Charles . . . privately!"

Charlie and his dad waited until Mrs. Holmes left the living room. Then Mr. Holmes spoke. "Charlie," he said gravely, "you're growing up now and it's time you became aware of certain things."

Charlie squirmed uncomfortably. "But, dad!" he protested.

"Listen to me," his father continued. "There are many times when we can't do exactly as we wish. Real grownups are people who have learned to do the necessary things as well as the enjoyable! It's good manners and good sense! I'll leave you alone a while to think it over."

Charlie sat in the living room, all by himself. A great struggle was taking place inside him. On one hand was the terrific weekend he had planned . . . the ball game with the gang, the meeting at the coke palace afterwards, the juke box dance at Peggy's that night, the skating date at the rink . . . everything!

On the other hand was this female in-

truder. This . . . this . . . Ursula! Some little-known cousin who had no business interfering with him. And yet, what dad said made a certain amount of sense. It was a problem, all right!

For almost an hour, Charlie wrestled with his conscience. It was a tough decision, but he had to make it . . . and he did! Walking shyly into mom and dad's room, where they sat waiting, Charlie cleared his throat. "I'll have to call the gang and cancel all the dates," he announced, "on account of Ursula. She's probably an impossible type! But I guess you were right about duty, dad, so bring on my goony cousin Ursula!"

Mom and dad exchanged happy smiles. "Good for you, Charlie!" dad said heartily, pumping his son's hand up and down.

"Why, that must be Ursula now!" mom twittered as the door chimed sounded. "Come on down and say hello!"

Charlie swallowed his resentment and followed his parents to the front door. There stood Ursula . . . the prettiest, brightest-looking, fluffiest little blonde Charlie had ever seen!

"Hel-lo!" said Charlie, seizing his cousin's suitcase. Then, to Ursula's bewilderment, he added, "Wow!"

As the family took their visitor up to the guest room, Charlie managed to whisper to his dad, "Y'know something, dad? I guess doing one's duty can sometimes be a pleasure! Which this is going to be!"

Then he called to his cousin, "Say, Ursula, if you didn't bring your skates, I know where I can borrow an extra pair. Boy, is this going to be a swell weekend!"

Natch

in

FEWER WORDS
WERE NEVER
SPOKEN! PP

WANTED



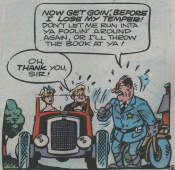
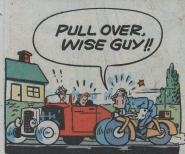
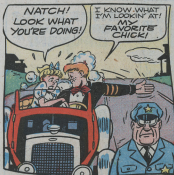
2837462
NATCH KILROY
CHARGES: -
TALKING TOO
MUCH!

SEE, JUDY!
I'VE NEVER SEEN
YA LOOKIN' MORE
BEAUTIFUL!

NATCH!
WE TURN AT
THE NEXT BLOCK...
DON'T FORGET!

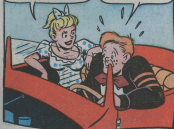
NATCH!
WATCH WHAT
YOU'RE
DOING! PUT
OUT YOUR
HAND AND
TURN!

GOLLY,
JUDY!
I'D MUCH
RATHER WATCH
YOU!



THAT'S WHAT
YOU GET FOR
NOT WATCHING
WHERE YOU'RE
GOING! HE SURE
TOLD YOU OFF!

I DUNNO
ABOUT THAT--
I MANAGED
TO GET MY
TWO BITS
WORTH IN!



IF THAT'S TWO
BITS WORTH,
WE'VE REALLY
GOT INFLATION!
GOSH, NATCH--
YOU WERE
SPEECHLESS!

OH, I
WOULDN'T
SAY THAT
JUDY--I'M
A GENTLEMAN!
I DON'T GO
AROUND
SHOOTIN' OFF
MY MOUTH!



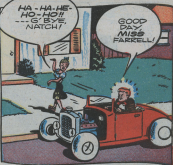
OH, NATCH! WHY
DON'T YOU ADMIT
YOU WERE SCARED
STIFF! HA-HA
HE-HE-HA!

OH, YEAH?
ANY DAY I'M
AFRAID OF
A COP--
ANY OLD
DAY!--



HA-HA-HE-
HO-HO!!
--- G'BYE,
NATCH!

GOOD
DAY,
MISS
FARKELL!

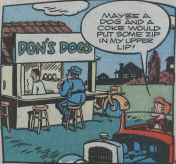


GOSH, JUDY MUST THINK
I'M A CREAM PUFF-- BUT I
JUST CAN'T HELP IT! COPS
SORTA PUT THE LID ON ME!
STILL, I CAN'T LET HER
THINK I'M A SQUARE!

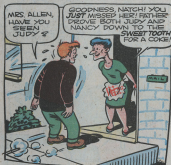
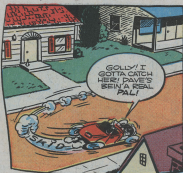


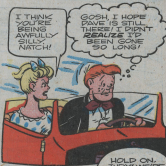
DON'S DOGS

MAYBE A
DOG AND A
COKE WOULD
PUT SOME ZIP
IN MY UPPER
LIP!









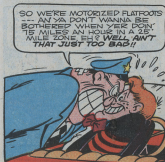




OKAY OFFICER! BEFORE YOU GO
SPOUTIN' OFF AT THE MOUTH, THERE'S
A FEW THINGS I WANNA SAY!
I NEVER BEEN TOO FOND OF YOU
MOTORIZED FLATFOOTS SEE? SO
GET GOIN' AN' DON'T KEEP
CHASIN' ME
AN' MY CHICK!



JUST
LAY
OFF ---
OH, N-NO!!



SO WE'RE MOTORIZED FLATFOOTS
--- AN YA DON'T WANNA BE
BOtherED WHEN YER DOIN'
15 MILES AN HOUR IN A 25
MILE ZONE, EH? WELL, AN'T
THAT JUST TOO BAD!!



I THINK THE
CHIEF'D LIKE
TA HEAR HOW
YA FEEL
ABOUT US
POISONALLY!

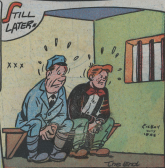
C-CAN I HAVE A
CHOICE OF HOW I
GET F-FINISHED OFF?



LATER

WOTTA
PAL YOU
TURNED
OUT TO BE,
DAVE!

GOSH, NATCH,
I'M SORRY OL'
BOY! BUT DON'T
WORRY-- I'M
GONNA SEE THE
CHIEF RIGHT
AWAY! HE'S A
PAL OF MINE!
I'LL EXPLAIN
EXACTLY HOW
IT HAPPENED!
YOU'LL BE
OUTA HERE
IN NO TIME!



STILL
LATER

XXX

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Benchpress
Athlete of
World's Affairs.
Here he: "I
can over-
think to
Jowett's meth-
ods!" Look
at this chest!

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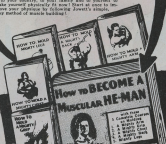
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